Iredale. 1

Jack Boyd was born three miles from Burn's cottage. He married at ~~xxx~~ 19 and has 11 children. He went in for practical engineering and has handled some of the biggest projects on this continent and was superintendent in charge of the Lochaber Hydro Electric Water Power Project which ran a tunnel, one of the biggest in the British Isles, 20 feet in diameter ad 20 miles long through the Bennavis Mts in Scotland.

Mr Boyd came to Canada in 1928 after spending many years in the U.S.A. and Bermuda. He ranched at Priddis Alberta for a time but his love of adventure took him into the North West Territories where he prospected and found gold and staked three pitchlend mines from which the precious radium is extracted. Altogether he spent 14 years in the Klondyke, N.W.T. During that time he had many stirring and unusual adventures. He escaped death more than once by what seemed a miracle. Once in rapids on the Pelly river his raft was swept from under him. Fighting the churning tumult of water his clothes were stripped from his body. Still conscious he was spewed onto a ledge of granite rock rising out of the water. Numbed with cold he was able to clamber up the rock face to temporary safety but his real problem was how to get to the bank and safety. His partner, Sam Rosell, who'd made the rapids without mishap tossed a stout rope which the Scotsman, after many futile attempts, finally grasped, and knotted about his waist. Then a grim battle began. When Mr Boyd delivered himself again to the thrashing water he was powerless to help himself. His life depended onthe strength of the rope and his partner on the bank. With the rope wrapped about a tree to give it leverage Sam Rosell fought for every inch gained. The savage water sucked and dragged at its ~~xix~~ victim's body. Exerting every ounce of strength Sam Rosell finally brought the bruised and battered

body of his partner to safety. Jack Boyd was unconscious but he was still breathing.

Following an unexplored river in search of the precious metal, Jack Boyd and his pal, Sam, came upon a sight of brilliant glory. Rounding a bend in the river they faced a mountain rising from the water's edge. To their utter amazement they saw an immense red shamrock, perfectly formed upon the mountain's face. It was flanked about by all the colors of the rainbow. Beaching their canoes they ran excitedly to the spot. They found a fine, abundant, vividly-hued moss growing from the water's edge, softer than a pricelss Egyptian rug. The men rubbed their faces in it. The stripped off their clothes and rolled in it. "I'll go no further," insisted Sam Rosell. "I want no gold. This spot suits me, this color to feast my eyes on, this softness to rest my bones." Recently a medical journal describes the use of moss in dressing wounds. Too bad this moss covered mountain cannot be moved to the battlefront. Perhaps its beauty would make the combatants lay down their arms.

In his rich, musical brogue, Mr Boyd tells of the baby moose the two men adopted, Sam was--and is--a fine shot. One early morning before the sun came up and while objects were sill indistinct he sighted a moose on a ridge some distance away. The men needed meat so Sam brought up the sights of his gun and took aim, but he only winged the moose and it fled terrified into the bush. Then Sam saw something else. A tiny scrap of life remained on the ridge. He had shot a she-moose that had just calved. He hurried to the spot. The instincts of the tiny thing were yet unborn. The shot had startled it. It was bawling loudly. It allowed the man to fondle it as it would its mother. When Sam rose and started back to camp the baby moose wobbled after him. The two men became deeply attached to their foundling. It

followed them about like a dog and was especially ~~fond~~ devoted to Sam, who, during its early life fixed up a contraption on a bottle and fed it on Klim, powdered milk. The growing moose followed lightly behind Sam when he stalked game. It watched its own kind brought down and pulled into camp to be skinned and cooked with the unconcern of a domestic dog. It stayed with the men all one winter. Sam was preparing to take it back to civilization with him when they broke camp in the late autumn. Then one day it lifted its head and listened, its nostrils distending as some sound came to it down the breeze. "We'll be losing our pet the noo," prophesied ~~Sa~~ Jack Boyd. Sam shook his head fiercely. "She'll no leave me mon," he protested. He was wrong. The next day the full-grown moose listened into the breeze again. Then without a bacjward glance it trotted off into the bush. The two men never saw it again.

Jack Boyd tells of their first trip into the Klondyke. They followed the Pelly river, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ watching the topography ~~for~~ till they came to a spot that looked promising. Like most prospectors they went in during the early spring. Feet of snow covered the ground. They shovelled down to a firm foundation then set up camp on the edge of a lake. The temperatures hovered well below the zero mark. Dog-tired they fell into bed but Jack was up next morning at daylight. Half way across the lake he saw a large, dark object. At first he thought it was a horse then he realized it was an outsize, Kodiac bear. Excitedly he called his partner. The two men fired shot after shot into the immense creature. It knew nothing of men or bullets. It thought its attacker came down from the sky. It pawed and fought wildly the air above its head, striking and leaping, trying to grapple with its unseen tormentor. Wounded it tried to escape. Its great 18 inch pads carried it swiftly out of sight but it was too good a prize to

lose. The men tracked it laboriously through the heavy snow. They sighted it and the battle continued. Then the creature scented the men. Enraged it turned in their direction. Their number was up if they couldn't kill it. It charged, one foot dragging behind, a thin trail of blood marking its progress. The men poured shots at the animal. It was a dum-dum bullet that caught it behind the ear and brought it down. It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The men hadn't eaten their breakfast, they were miles from camp but they had one of the finest pelts that either of them had ever seen. It now graces the home of Sam Rosell who is sheep-ranching in the Invermere valley, B. C.

It was a broiling July day. The shrill chatter of the noisy, good-natured people with whom we were pianicing made my head ache. From some distance off I could hear the tinkling invitation of another mountain stream. I knew it joined the one on which we'd built our campfire 300 yards or so down-river